Yankee Doings

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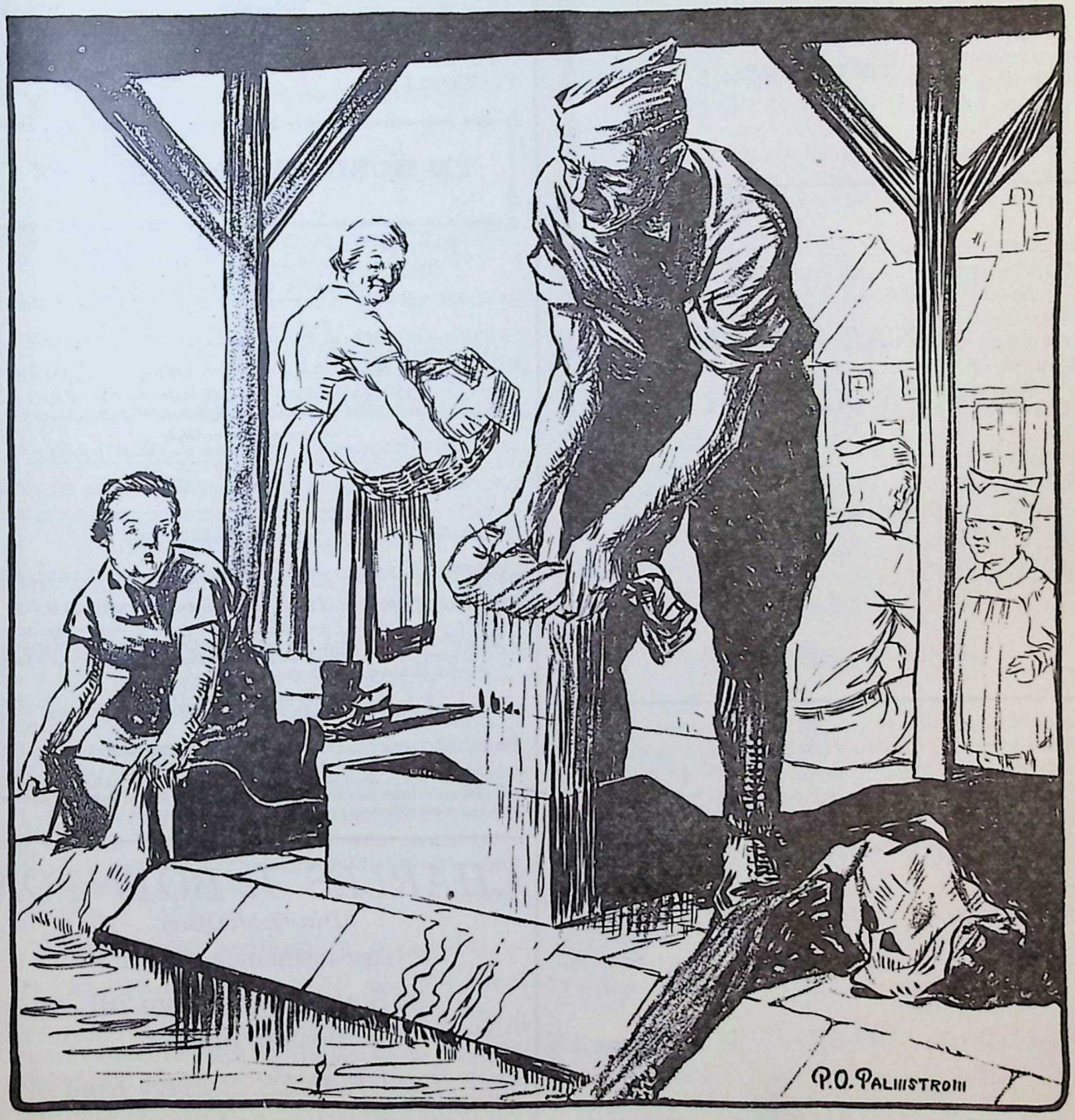

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YANKEE DOINGS

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RALPH M. EASTMAN, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

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Send all communications to the Secretary

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Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

RIGHT OR WRONG?

The daily papers recently carried a story of a World War veteran in Brooklyn who shot and killed the man who had slashed his old army uniform. It seems that the destruction of the uniform took place at a picnic where, after jeering the owner on the appearance he presented, he took the opportunity to cut the coat to ribbons while it was hanging on a tree where he had temporarily hung it. Considering the act almost equal to desecration of the flag for which he had fought, the man lay in wait the next morning and, as his intended victim left his home, killed him on the spot.

This brings up a point on both sides of which something might be said. To just what degree is such patriotic fervor justified? It would be interesting to get the opinion of some of our readers on the subject.

"DOINGS" COVER DESIGNS

This is too good to keep. A specially wise bird made a suggestion the other night that sure was a wow, and we don't mean maybe. It was this: Why not get out a book of YANKEE DOINGS cover designs? The idea has everything to commend it, to our way of thinking. The cuts are already made; therefore the expense would be nominal and the book could be sold to YD men at a mighty reasonable price. How do you feel about it? Perhaps it might pay to wait a while until we have a greater number. What do you think?

RECEPTION TO LEGION DELEGATES

The first affair of the Fall season was held at the Boston Club on Wednesday evening, September 9. It took the form of a reception to and entertainment for the visiting delegates attending the convention of the Massachusetts Department, American Legion.

In effect it was a glorified Smoker, only more so. You know what we mean. Same old crowd, only more of them; same old songs, only louder; same old pep, only multiplied a dozenfold.

The committee that put it over didn't stop at any half-way measures. There was enough talent to spread out over half a dozen smokers.

First and foremost, there was Emmett O'Brien's band from the Cecil Fogg Post of Hyde Park. No comments are needed. It is *some* band, thassall. Emmett himself threw in a few personal numbers at the piano, just for good measure.

Professional entertainers were there from the local theatres and Boston's own RAY FONTAINE, the peerless cabaret singer. His "Josephine, Come Down Stairs," alone, was worth coming to hear.

Commander HARLOW and Vice-Commander (now Commander) GOOD of the Massachusetts Department made stirring addresses that brought the audience to its feet.

The one and only CARROLL SWAN consented under pressure to act as master of ceremonies. Suffice to say that Carroll is fully as great in this capacity as he was as a soldier and an author.

The whole program was broadcast through Station WNAC, the Shepard Stores.

The visiting guests of the Legion expressed themselves as mightily pleased, and if the affair was a sample of what is in store, the Fall and Winter smoker season is going to set a pace far ahead of any previous year.

THE WOOD-CARVER OF LANE, S. D.

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I have received a box of holiday greeting cards and am "very well pleased with them," but I have a suggestion to make. As many of these cards are mailed to old army pals, why not have at least half the cards monogrammed with the YD and inscribed with YD poetry? I think this would make a lot of the fellows remember an old buddy at Christmas.

Of course, our old friend, Mr. Nard, is out of the poetry business now and is probably engaged in setting some of his earthly rhymes to celestial music, but there should be a few geniuses (or genii) left who are able to furnish verses.

Apropos of Mr. Nard, I submit the following ode:

AN ODE TO FULLER P. NARD

Never a blow I've felt so hard
As the untimely death of Fuller P. Nard;
Amongst the scribes of the old YD,
No scribe could scribble like Fuller P.

CARL A. JENSEN.

Lane, S. D.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Here's a merry life, whether it's a short or a long one, to the unsung hero—the man who put it across! The most chivalrous, bone-headed, unselfish, hard drinking, courageous, fault-finding, fun-loving, reckless, blasphemous, tender-hearted, boisterous damn fool yet produced by the much advertised process of evolution—the typical, simon-pure American soldier! May he never live to see the back of his neck!

* * * *

Winged words have been written and the high sounding lyre has oft been "smote" in the praises of this gallant warrior or that. Their deeds live after them, along with the imperishable bronze symbols of their valor. Not for them do our paeans rise up to heaven. Our hero stands along in the middle of the rear rank, draped in an overcoat, size four plus, with the lower two buttons unfastened. His overseas cap is without form and void, an inverted two-quart saucepan. The spirals encasing his slightly bowed legs eloquently bespeak the last minute snooze and the frenzied toilet. He is the unspeakable example of all a soldier should not be, anathema of all military preceptors, the lousiest looking specimen ever designated by the name of soldier. Here, at last, is the answer to the mystery. Let shining spurs and gilt braid weep.

He is the man who won the war.

* * * *

What was he before the war? God only knows—anything from a plough-boy to a taxi-driver. Where is he now? Echo answers, "Where?" He evolved out of nowhere, did the job, and subsided into oblivion. Generals—and others—still tell us how it was done and how it should have been done. Scientists still prepare engines of defence and aggression. But not until the drum beats again or once more the bugle blows will the world look upon this one true hero. The world never knew him. We knew him. Some of us were he.

* * * *

Inarticulate always, if the glorious cause of freedom and democracy meant anything to him, no one ever knew it. Why was he there? He'd be G— d———d if he knew. He wished to h—— he was anywhere else but there. Yet no power on earth was strong enough to keep him from doggedly seeing it through, and no scorn bitter enough for those whose lot was a less unpleasant one. To him there was no sense to anything he was ever told to do—yet he did it. Where was he when the outfit was in rest area? A. W. O. L. What was he doing when taps sounded? Trying to conceal the light of the candle on his bunk so as to finish his crap game. How much did he have on the day before pay day? Not a sou. How much on the day after? The same. His motto, "The sky's the limit. Let's go." His ten commandments, "It's O. K. if you get away with it." His battlecry, "When do we eat?" His philosophy, "If there's one that's got your number on it, it'll get you anyway; why worry?" His ideals, "How do you get that way? Blah!"

* * * *

When cookie announced seconds, who was the first at the soup gun in one leap? When the company lined up for the welcome visit of the paymaster, who was the little bow-legged shrimp, without chevrons or time to wash his hands, about ten from the tail end of the line? When recommendations for citations were submitted, whose name was always conspicuous for its absence? When volunteers were asked for an especially risky night job, who was always one of the first? On a long hike, who was the little hammered-down runt piping from the rear, "What are we, niggers?" When K. P. detail was announced, who always had a severe attack of violent sickness? Who was Joe L's right hand man? Who always got the first bawling-out from the newly issued shavetail? Who always came around to share with you his box from home? Who was just as scared that first trip to the line as you were, but would rather cut his throat than show it? Who? Little old buck private, the man who won the war!

* * * *

An outcast by all the laws of church and state, what canon did he not violate? He fought to kill, he drank to get drunk, he sweat and labored and cursed amongst the muck and blood of fiery hell. Yet—we have seen him by the hearth of some French comrade with a tot on his knee, and the light in his eyes as he toyed with the little one's hair was not that of a condemned man. We have seen him snatch a great bunch of fagots from the stooped back of a peasant woman of eighty years and laughingly bear the burden to her door. Yes, and we have seen him, unshaven and vermin-ridden in his dugout, when most were asleep, draw from his pocket a crumpled letter, and the candle on his iron hat revealed a smile without vice or shame. Who shall judge him?

* * * *

A commanding figure was Washington, erect at the prow of his boat as it crossed the ice-filled Delaware. Napoleon, astride his battle charger, was a picture to inspire awe. For us, however, memory can summon forth a deeper thrill. By the ghostly light of star shells through sopping rain, his figure is silhouetted before us as he slogs along the muddy road. The bulging coat, the drooped shoulders, the dangling puttees, the jauntily tilted helmet, the whistled notes of "Madelon," the occasional squirt of tobacco juice, the squdgy "plunk, plunk" of feet in the mud.

* * * *

No painter will every portray him—no sculptor chisel his inimitable form. God bless his great heart!

* * * *

We knew him. Salute!

Glory Enough for All

By Philip N. Sanborn

In the column, "Between Ourselves," last month we mentioned with a certain degree of fear and trembling that there were other divisions in France besides the Twenty-sixth. And we have lived to publish another number. That in itself is surprising. But even more so, that which is to follow.

Grown bolder with our success in avoiding summary crucifixion, the idea presented itself to us that an article giving the vital statistics of the thirty or more combat divisions might be of interest to the readers of YANKEE DOINGS. So we sent ourself a letter, asking that such an article be prepared. We received an answer saying that we should be pleased to do anything in our power to please the editor. So, *voila*, here it is.

This article really should start off with the familiar little block of small-sized type, reading:

(The following article has been especially compiled for YANKEE DOINGS by PHILIP N. SANBORN (F Co., 101st Engrs.). The figures herein quoted are taken from a special number of the *National Geographic Magazine*, and are quite authoritative.—ED.)

Table I

LENGTH OF SERVICE IN THE LINE (IN DAYS)

Division	*Active*	*Quiet*	*Total*
1st	93	127	220
26th	**45**	**148**	**193**
42d	39	125	164
2d	66	71	137
77th	66	47	113
5th	32	71	103
82d	27	70	97
35th	5	92	97
32d	35	60	95
3d	86	0	86
89th	28	55	83
29th	23	59	82
28th	49	31	80
90th	26	42	68
37th	11	50	61
33d	27	32	59
27th	57	0	57
30th	56	0	56
92d	2	51	53
4th	38	7	45
79th	17	28	45
6th	0	40	40
78th	21	17	38
7th	2	31	33
81st	*	31	*
91st	14	15	29
88th	0	28	28
36th	23	0	23
80th	17	1	18

*Data missing.

The following divsions never reached France: 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 18th. The following divisions did not enter the line: 31st, 34th, 38th, 84th, 86th and 87th. The following divisions were used as depot or replacement divisions: 39th, 40th, 41st, 76th, 83d and 85th. The 93d Division never served as a complete division.

So far, so good. We're pretty well up to the top in that table. Now for ground gained.

Table II

KILOMETERS ADVANCED AGAINST RESISTANCE

Division	*Kilometers*	*Division*	*Kilometers*
77th	71.5	4th	24½
2d	60	36th	21
42d	55	78th	21
1st	51	79th	19.5
89th	48	82d	17
3d	41	35th	12.5
80th	38	27th	11
26th	**37**	28th	10
32d	36	29th	7
33d	36	81st	5.5
91st	34	92d	5
37th	30	6th	0
30th	29.5	7th	0
5th	29	88th	0
90th	28½		

Only one comment on Table II. Most of the big advances were made in the last weeks of the war. At that time, as you may remember, the 26th was holding the pivot upon which the entire German line was hinging.

Now let's see about the number of Heinies brought in.

Table III

PRISONERS CAPTURED

2d	12,026	80th	1,813
1st	6,469	42d	1,317
89th	5,061	79th	1,077
3d	3,987	28th	921
30th	3,848	82d	845
26th	**3,148**	35th	781
4th	2,756	77th	750
91st	2,412	36th	549
27th	2,357	78th	432
5th	2,356	81st	101
3d	2,240	7th	69
29th	2,187	92d	38
32d	2,153	6th	12
90th	1,876	88th	3

Next let us turn our attention to casualties which, according to General Bamford, constitute the true measure of a division's ability:

Table IV

CASUALTIES

Division	*Killed*	*Wounded*	*Total*
2d	4,478	17,752	22,230
1st	4,411	17,201	21,612
3d	3,177	12,940	16,117
28th	2,551	11,429	13,980
42d	2,644	11,275	13,919
26th	**2,135**	**11,325**	**13,460**
32d	2,915	10,477	13,392
4th	2,611	9,893	12,504
77th	1,992	8,505	10,497
27th	1,785	7,201	8,986
30th	1,629	7,325	8,954
5th	1,976	6,864	8,840
82d	1,298	6,248	7,546
89th	1,433	5,858	7,291
35th	1,067	6,216	7,283
33d	989	6,266	7,255
90th	1,392	5,855	7,247
78th	1,384	5,861	7,245
79th	1,419	5,331	6,750
80th	1,132	5,000	6,132
91st	1,414	4,364	5,778
37th	977	4,266	5,243
29th	951	4,268	5,219
93d	584	2,582	3,166
36th	600	1,928	2,528
7th	296	1,397	1,693
92d	176	1,466	1,642
81st	251	973	1,224
6th	93	453	546
88th	29	89	118
8th	6	29	35

Two divisions appear in this table that do not appear in the preceding ones, the 8th and the 93d. Neither participated as a complete division,—therefore other data cannot be given.

From the figures given in the above table we have deduced two others which perhaps give a more accurate idea of what the different divisions accomplished and what they went through. The first is:

Table V

KILOMETERS ADVANCED PER DAY ON ACTIVE FRONT

Division	*Kilometers*	*Division*	*Kilometers*
37th	2.727	2d	.909
35th	2.500	5th	.906
92d	2.500	**26th**	**.822**
91st	2.429	4th	.645
80th	2.235	82d	.630
89th	1.714	1st	.548
42d	1.410	30th	.526
33d	1.333	3d	.477
79th	1.147	29th	.304
90th	1.096	28th	.204
77th	1.083	27th	.193
32d	1.029	7th	.000
78th	1.000		
36th	.913		

The 6th and 86th Divisions never occupied an active sector. It is impossible to compute this figure for the 81st Division. (See Table I.)

The final table gives a good idea of how severe fighting the divisions encountered, in whatever length of time they were on the line.

Table VI

CASUALTIES PER DAY ON ALL FRONTS

80th	340.7	1st	98.2
4th	277.8	77th	92.9
91st	199.2	89th	87.8
78th	190.7	37th	86.0
3d	187.4	5th	85.8
28th	174.8	42d	85.0
2d	162.3	82d	77.8
30th	159.8	35th	75.1
27th	157.6	**26th**	**69.7**
79th	150.0	29th	63.6
32d	140.9	7th	51.3
33d	123.0	92d	31.0
36th	110.0	6th	13.6
90th	106.6	88th	4.2

This figure cannot be computed for the 81st Division (See Table I). Whereas the 8th and 93d Divisions suffered casualties, this figure cannot be computed. (See footnote to Table III).

That's about the whole story. It probably contains several surprises. We suggest you keep it for future reference.

CONCERNING PANTS

Mr. William SNYDER,

Dear Bill:

I am sending out chain letters to all the comrades of the YD offering them the glorious privilege of chipping in to buy a pair of pants that were worn by a member of the Ninth Regiment, United States Infantry, when he enlisted. He was soused at the time, or else, he says, he never would have enlisted; and he would surely have been rejected in the draft, he says—if he had seen Billy Galivan first—because he had a flat nose and his feet were too big for the shoes he had on at the time, as he was wearing his little brother's. However, he claims that someone started something, and the first thing he knew he was hooked up with a fresh corporal and three squads holding him down, but even at that, he says, if it hadn't been for the two guys that were standing on his face he would have retired from the service on half pay right then and there. Anyhow, he was a good one, and told me that if it had to be done over again he'd swear off the booze for the rest of his life. Now, Bill, this is a good thing, and those pants ought to be perpetuated. They'll need washing, of course—you must expect that under the circumstances—but it's a good thing and we ought to push it along, and if you'll do your part and make the returns direct to me we'll carry the pants in the great All America parade of Veterans in Paris in '26 or '27 or whenever they hold the meeting there. See Lieutenant-Colonel Whatsisname about it. He makes mountains out of molehills, and with such a good subject as this to work on he'll have everybody coming to see those pants, but, Bill, we'll have a glass case on them and a guard of honor ready to shoot down anyone who dares to take a chew of tobacco or even to smile on such an occasion.

—T. W. ROOSE.

Blue Room Fables

(The two Jimmies spill a few)

It was the sort of a night when even the warmth of an efficient oil-burner somewhere down in the lower regions of the Club was a satisfactory substitute for a blazing log fire —which is another way of telling you it was cold. An early Fall night, when the half dozen in the Blue Room delayed thoughts of leaving for home, settled back in comfortable positions, feet up, and prepared to lay down a barrage of reminiscences.

Among those present—as the society column delights to express it—were the two inimitable raconteurs, James the Elder and James the Younger,—the former a grizzled veteran of many a muster, the latter a redoubtable skipper of signal men.

Up spoke the elder James, and the strange tale he told I shall pass on to you.

"Speakin' of inspections, the funniest I ever saw happened when we were in S————. We got notice that the Old Man would inspect the Company at nine o'clock in the morning. Everybody got their equipment shined up, and at quarter of nine the Company was outside ready for the General.

"Now the street where we always lined up was on a curve, and in order to dress the line from end to end, we would have had to have the two ends up on the sidewalk and the center half way out into the street.

"So I had the platoons line up separate from each other and each one at an angle with the next one. But the last platoon tried to dress on the one next to it, and the consequence was it ran up on to the sidewalk. This wasn't so bad, but one foolish lookin' bird came just where his heels were up and his toes down in the gutter.

"He was a replacement, just been with us a few days. A little shrimp, and as usual he had been issued a No. 4 overcoat. He had wrapped it around him so that the back was a good fit, and about six yards of extra material was bunched out in front. Not only that, but to keep his balance with his toes in the gutter, he had to throw his head back and his stomach out. You know,—somethin' like this.

"Well, the Old Man showed up and walked down the line, lookin' clean through every man's bones, 'til he came to this bird.

" 'How long have you been in the army?'

" 'About two months, sir.'

" 'For G——'s sake, don't you know the position of a soldier?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Well, let's see it then.'

"No move on the part of the bozo. So the General gives him a poke and shouts, 'Pull in your stomach and throw out your chest.'

"He tries to do it. Result, he loses his balance, takes one step forward, square on the Old Man's nice new shine, makes a wild grab and succeeds in catching the Sam Brown belt.

"The General gives him one mighty shove back into the line and says, 'In all my life, you're the G—— d————est soldier I ever saw!' "

Without a pause the younger James has the floor.

"Well now, speakin' of inspections I remember a good one. Old B——, the Inspector General of the A. E. F.,—— was due in town, although we weren't supposed to know it. The way we had it fixed up was like this. Pete ———— drove a side car, and he was to go about five miles outside the town, and when the General drove in sight he was to tear back to town like a bat out of hell to tell us he was coming.

"It worked great. I had the Company out and pretty quick Pete tore down the street shouting, 'The old * * ! ! ! is coming!'

"We lined up, everything perfect, just as the Big Boy's car appeared and the bugler blew general's call. The General stepped out of the car. It was a cold day and he threw the end of a big muffler around his neck. Just then he spotted us.

"To his aide he shouts, 'Who are those men? What are they doing there?'

" 'I don't know, sir.' And they came hiking up toward us.

" 'What is your name? What unit is this?'

" 'Captain L————, sir; ——Company, 101st Field Signal Battalion.'

" 'Well, what are they doing here?'

" 'When a general officer approaches a garrison and flourishes are blown, troops will turn out in regular formation,' etc., etc.

" 'Well, how did you know I was coming?'

" 'I heard the flourishes, sir.'

"That was a good one. The flourishes weren't blown until just as he got out of the car. But I got away with it. The next one he asked had me guessin'.

"He says, 'Well, d—— it, where would these men be if they weren't here?"

"I grab a minute to think and then told him where each platoon was scheduled to be.

" 'Well, get them out of here,' pushing the air with both hands. I got them 'out of here' the best I could.

" 'Now,' says the Inspector General, 'we'll go down and see the work they're doing.'

"Wasn't that a hot one? You can imagine the kind names the Old Bird was being called. So I lead the way, goin' slow, and when we get to the barrack I open the door and shout, 'Look out, General, it's kind of dark here,' so as to give the gang warning.

"But some of them didn't hear it, and just as he gets inside the door, a voice from over in the corner yells out, 'Some inspection Did you ever see such an old s—— of a b————?' "

James the Elder was all primed to spill another but, there isn't space this month to tell it. Perhaps some other time, perhaps not.

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

The 103d Infantry of the Maine National Guard went to camp the first two weeks in August and had a very successful tour of duty. In the present organization there are still a lot of the old men who served overseas with the 26th and they still enjoy soldiering in that "This Man's Army" as she was commonly called.

In going down the regimental street we met the smiling face of EDDIE GALLANT and friend wife. Ed was a "Dog Robber" in Company B, and kept things livened up in that company in the good old days. At the Headquarters Company tent we were greeted by Capt. JOHN BOWLER, formerly sergeant in Company C. John went to officers' school and was later transferred to the Second Division where he saw a lot of service. Sgt. JOHN DROTTAR, also of Company C, is now a first lieutenant in Company D (Machine Gun). He does not show any effects of the severe gassing that he got at Apremont.

Company F is from Augusta and is captained by FRANK Sprague, formerly sergeant in M Company. BILL DOYLE the original hard-boiled Top Kick of Headquarters Company, is now the Captain's right-hand bower and wears a silver bar on his shoulders.

"First Sergeant" is the handle that EARL COOPER wears in F Company, and the boys all told us that as a top he was a howling success. In going down Company I street, we met First Sergeant DAN SMART and Sergeant ARCHIE CLARKE, both formerly of Headquarters Company. They informed us that our old friend, MAURICE BUZZELL, known by all as "Beef," had answered the last call. He lost his life while in bathing at Fort Fairfield this summer. Everyone remembers him as the good-natured motorcycle driver at Regimental. He always went about his duty with a smile, and many a time we have seen him roused out of his sleep in the night or early morning to carry a message to Battalion or elsewhere. Up he would get, put on his clothes, (unless he was sleeping in them as was ofttimes the case), and with a few good natured complimentary (?) remarks about the army in general, disappear in the rain and darkness, the chugging of his motor growing fainter and fainter and we knew that "Beef" was on his way again.

Another member of Headquarters Company went West in June, and that was GEORGE ALBEE,—known to all as "Pa" Albee. This is rather belated news, but probably there are a lot of men who have not heard it. "Pa" was an old-timer, having served on the Border with the 2d Maine. He died at his home in Gardiner, at the age of fifty years.

Major BOWEN is as much interested in National Guard affairs as ever, and is Machine Gun Officer for the Regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel BISBEE still takes an active part in military affairs and looked just as soldierly as he did in the days of old. You all remember him as captain of Company B and later as regimental intelligence officer.

In Company B street we were greeted by First Lieutenant HENRY LEFEBRE, ex-sergeant of Company B, and also Lieutenant FRED ARSENAULT who served as sergeant in Machine Gun Company. There were three brothers in Machine Gun Company—Connie, Fred and Albert—the last still being in the hospital as a result of disability incurred in the service.

Note.—Please send all 103d items to E. K. HALE, Lisbon Falls, Maine. —E. K. H.

A WORTHY SUGGESTION

Editor YANKEE DOINGS:

By all means let us arrange to have all YD men go over together for the American Legion 1927 Convention in Paris. I have a suggestion to offer with regard to the necessity of creating a new office of the Y.D.V.A. for the occasion. I have also a suggestion as to a possible candidate possessing the necessary qualifications now that the lamented Fuller P. Nard is with us in spirit only. It would have been presumptuous to have suggested any but the late famed Fuller for the position in mind. The office is that of an official connoisseur for our guidance in the selections from wine lists.

Surely we will not be expected to forego the harmless pleasures of Bacchus merely to please the bone-dry fanatic. As one author has written, "In France and other wine-growing countries, a very broad distinction is drawn between wines and spirits—wines do not count as 'alcohol'—and temperance societies confine their efforts to a crusade against the abuse of spirits, an abuse which is very rare in wine-drinking countries. Indeed there is no better remedy for excessive spirit drinking than the encouragement of wine-drinking. It may be that some day prohibition fanatics in countries not blessed with home-grown wine will discover this truth."

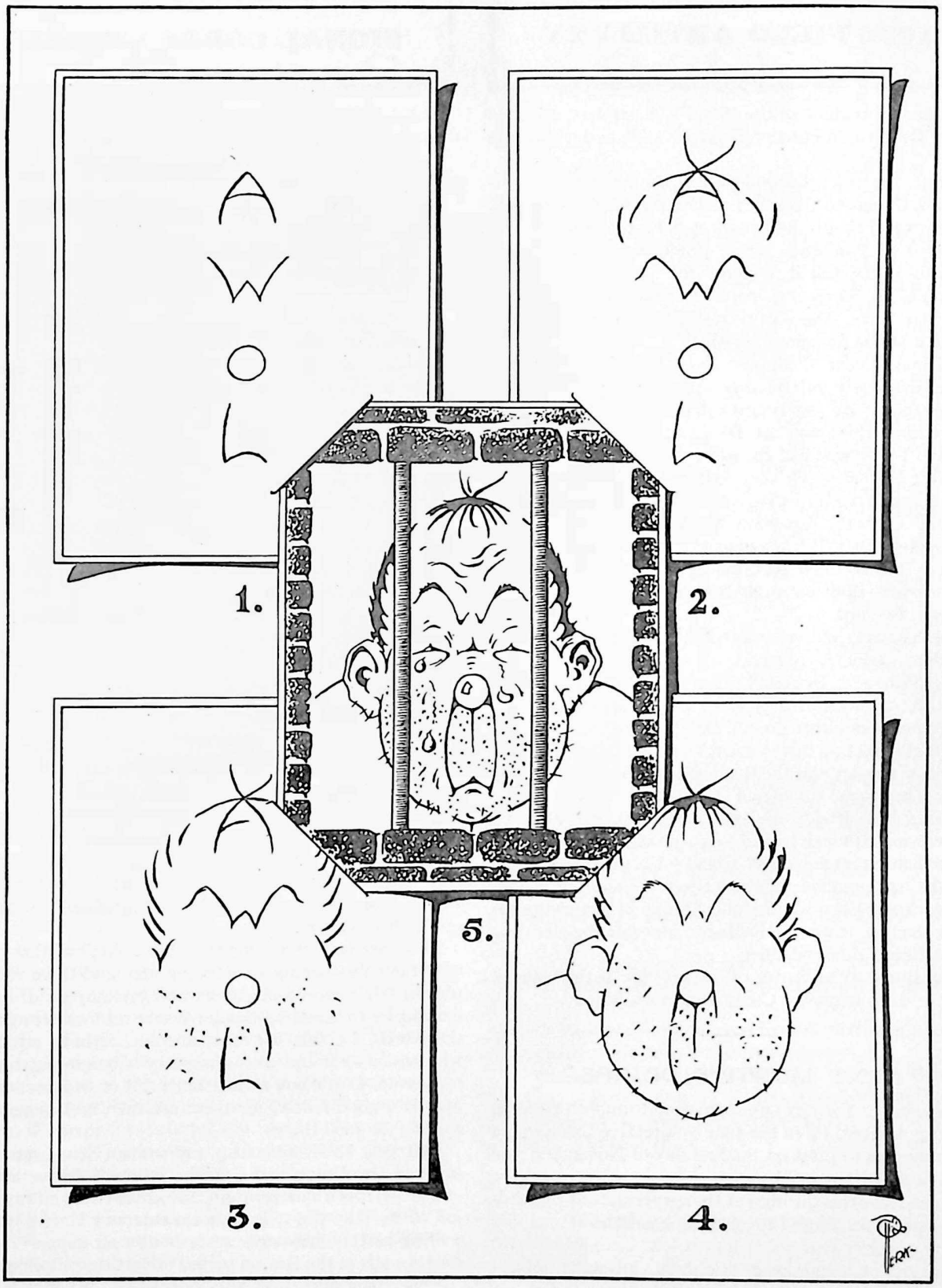
Our official connoisseur should be able to give information on the vintage years which were exceptionally good, the best brands, and perhaps answer questions regarding the making of wines. For instance, I had often wondered why the grapes were commonly crushed with the feet until I read of the advantages of the method as given by H. Warner Allen in "The Wines of France." He states that, "In a few of the most conservative chateaux the men begin to tread out the juice from the fruit, already bruised by its passage through the sieve, with their bare feet. Merrily, sometimes to the music of a violin, they dance upon the grapes and trample out the juice with feet and legs stained purple with must. This is the traditional method of wine-making, which is as old as history. Formerly it was held that no machine could take the place of the human foot. A man's weight was just what was required to crush the grapes, and the sole of the foot was so soft and yielding that it did not squeeze an excess of acidity from the skin and never broke the pips which, if crushed, give a disagreeable taste to the wine."

Similar information to the above may be desired and your humble correspondent, not content with the valuable first-hand information acquired during 1917 to 1919, has continued the study of the wines of France and would like to be considered a candidate providing the position should be created. IVA THOIST.

FIRST RETURNS

Two votes for a YD reunion in France in 1927.

W. F. BLASER (Hdqtrs. Co. 104th Inf.)
R. E. BRADFORD (Hdqtrs. Co. 104th Inf.)



The Evolution of A. W. O. L.

"A Week of Life and Six Weeks in the Jug"

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

The annual reunion of the 102d Field Artillery was held in New Bedford on Sunday, September 20, and it was sure a success.

In 1923 the first attempt at a reunion was made at Boxford and, thanks to Captain LARRY PAGE who put the idea over, it was all that could be expected. Last year many of us journeyed to Worcester, where B and E put over a very successful party, but it remained for Battery D to do the best job of all. Some of us went down the night before and none were sorry. The committee in charge had an entertainment at the Armory all evening.

The main event of Sunday was a clambake at Sylvan Grove, and nearly four hundred sat down to the eats which were prepared by the BARNEY BROTHERS of Battery D. After eating, there were several speakers, presided over by THOMAS TAFFE who had charge of all arrangements.

Mayor Hathaway of New Bedford was the first speaker and welcomed the boys to his city. Then Colonel HERBERT, Captain CHOATE, Chaplain STACKPOLE, Captain PAGE and Captain BILL HOWE all spoke for a few moments.

Later it was voted that the 1926 reunion be held at Boxford, and that we rotate between Boxford, Worcester and New Bedford.

The following officers were elected for the next year: President, John J. Sheehan, Lawrence; vice-president, Frank Mahoney, Haverhill; secretary, John R. Booth, Haverhill; treasurer, Harry Law, Lawrence; chairman of the reunion committee, Joseph Daley, Lowell.

After the meeting there were field sports. One of the best features of the day was the Regimental Band under the old leader. They were kept busy all day playing special requests.

Smiling PHIL RILEY, the well-known cook of Battery C, was on hand although he had to use crutches.

Chaplain STACKPOLE and Colonel LOCKE made a trip over the battlegrounds of France last summer and Chaplain Stackpole has a wonderful collection of pictures taken during the trip. It was interesting to see again the places we visited during 1917 and 1919.

Cook BUCKLEY of Battery E is very sick at the home of his sister, 12 Washington Court, Marlboro, Mass.

NEXT MONTH'S DOINGS

In November, YANKEE DOINGS expects to publish a special Armistice number. From the time you receive this number until copy goes to press on the first day of November, you will have about two weeks.

You can make this the biggest thing ever put out by sending in some little story of Armistice Day, 1918. Remember that day of days? Remember how it felt? Let's hear about it. Be serious or humorous as you wish. Only take note,—whatever you send must be in by noon on October 31.

"Can't a man say 'Budweiser' without offending the prohibitionists?"

"Sure, use it this way: 'When a young woman returns from her honeymoon she's the same woman—Bud weiser!'"

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

ELIOT F. TOZER (B Co.) has lately been made head of the drawing department of Northeastern College.

LOUIS CRAFTS is now working for Waldo Bros. & Bond, Webster Ave., Somerville.

JOHN CAPUTO is district agent for the Boston Mutual Insurance Company.

"BILL" SHEEHAN, who is at the U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 89, Rutland, is just recovering from an attack of the "flu."

DR. TALBOT, who was with us in the summer of 1918, is the executive officer of the above hospital.

The first meeting of the season was held Thursday, September 3, and there was a fairly good turnout considering the time of year. The next meeting was on October 1 and the attendance was encouraging. Come around on November 5 and bring one of the old gang with you. Call up somebody and make a date just as soon as you read this. Let's have a regular old-fashioned meeting!

"BOB" JONES spent a pleasant month's vacation in the Ozark Mountains. He is much interested to know if the Legion members of the 26th Division are going to charter a boat to attend the convention in Paris in 1927. Let's go!

Elsewhere in this issue there is an item headed, "Next Month's DOINGS." Please read it over and govern yourself accordingly.

LOUIS L. MORSE is spending ten days in Havana with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. —G. W. T.

GOOD COUNSEL

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Am sending a copy of *Tourist News*, local magazine, which may help some buddy who is contemplating a trip to Florida. The poor are always with us, whether we are in New England or Florida, and the article in the *News*, "Don't Come Down Broke," is one that should be printed in Northern papers.

There are no factories or mills here. The building trades offer the only opening for working men and there is a surplus of labor except plasterers and bricklayers. If a man has money to invest he can get better returns here than in the North, I think, *but* come and see, or have somebody who *knows* what and where property is before putting any money up. Don't buy from a blueprint or because a salesman is a good fellow, for there are men and money *here* looking for good things.

Last year there were men and women here from every State in the Union and Canada, so don't come thinking you are so much smarter than the others that you can get a job where they can't. I am not a calamity howler but am writing as this may save some buddy an expensive trip, for I see ads in the Boston papers advertising Florida.

I am doing fairly well and Florida is O. K., but it is no place to be out of work as you must eat even if you don't need an overcoat.

My best wishes to all YD buddies North and South.

CHARLES H. GAY.
2842 5th Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
(Mail address is Route A South, No. 1079.)

Greater Salem YD Club

On Thursday evening, September 24, the Yankee Division Veterans Association presented a charter to the Greater Salem YD Club, at the club quarters in the Federal Theatre Building in Salem. By the receipt and acceptance of this charter, the Salem Club becomes an accredited Chapter of the Association, entitled to a voice in the conduct of its affairs.

This club has had a continuous existence since shortly after the demobilization of the 26th Division. One of the facts to which its members point with particular pride is that its actual date of organization is prior to that of any other YD Club, including the Boston Club. Whereas it once held a charter from the Association, the period of hard times which it, like every other chapter, passed through, made it impossible for a while for it to meet the requirements of Association membership. During this period, however, it continued as an independent club; and now that Fortune seems to be smiling on all YD affairs it has once more joined the national organization. At present it is in a most prosperous condition.

The official presentation of the charter was made the occasion of a general good time, with the Salem Club acting as host to the officers of the Association and the members of other YD clubs. As many as twenty members of the Boston Club motored down, and later in the evening a car load from the Quincy club appeared.

After starting things off right with a few of the old songs, given with a rousing spirit with HAROLD PAGE as song leader, President DEVERANE of the Salem Club introduced RALPH M. EASTMAN, president of the Y.D.V.A. Mr. Eastman in a brief address explained the significance of the charter and pointed out that the club, upon its receipt, would become a member of the Association. He also cleared up any possible misconception that charters were granted by the YD Club of Boston,—an idea which has gained prevalence in many parts of New England. The Boston Club, as he explained, is but a chapter of the Association and has no power to charter other clubs. In concluding, he officially presented the charter to President Deverane who accepted it in behalf of the Salem Club.

The remainder of the evening was a happy mixture of seriousness and fun. "BUDDY" MAHONEY, a Salem member, contributed two or three stories and songs, but reserved his masterpiece—a definition of the United States flag—as a grand finale of the evening.

RUSSELL A. HARMON, president of the YD Club of Boston, extended the new chapter the best wishes of its brother club and invited its members to visit the club in Boston early and often.

The POWERS brothers, Salem boys, received prolonged and merited applause following their singing of several popular songs.

EVERETT W. MACLAUGHLIN, president of the YD Club of Quincy, spoke a few words for the Granite City organization, thanking the Salem fellows for the help they gave Quincy on the occasion of the recent tercentenary parade.

BOB SUMMERS, a member of the Quincy club, entertained with several poems,—some of them of an original character.

The editor of YANKEE DOINGS enlarged somewhat upon the points already brought out by Mr. Eastman. He declared that only by membership in the Y. D. V. A. could a club receive the advantage of renewed contact with YD men in other parts of the country. He affirmed that both the Salem Club and the Association were bound to benefit by thus working together.

The meeting was brought to a close with the serving of sandwiches, doughnuts, ice-cream and coffee.

There is nothing that can go further toward building up YD affairs in general, and contributing to the enjoyment of the fellows than these visits of the members of one club to the meetings of another. Everybody seemed to feel that it is a practice which ought to be continued.

SIDELIGHTS SEEN AT SALEM

The visitors from Boston and Quincy were unanimous in declaring that the Salem boys were pretty well set in the matter of comfortable and convenient quarters.

"GOLDIE" made the trip all the way from Brunswick, Maine, to be with the crowd. Can you beat that? And in a flivver too.

You can't get away from it,—that boy MAHONEY has got class. We're willing to bet he can shake a mean limb.

A reconnoitering party having announced that the coast was clear, "Hinkey Dinkey Parley Voo" was rendered in its original and uncensored form.

The TD pipe stock advanced another point.

Ask RALPH EASTMAN some time if he knows the difference between the American flag and the United States flag.

The height of hospitality was reached when the official Cuspidor Bearer deposited his burden gently in the exact center of the floor.

LOUIE BERLIN was discovered by someone where he had retired shyly into a dark and obscure corner.

We don't know the front names of the two BOWERS boys, but we're willing to gamble they're called Right Bower and Left Bower. Why? Because it would take the best there is to beat them. —P. N. S.

ANNOUNCEMENT

If this copy of YANKEE DOINGS falls into the hands of any YD man in a hospital or laid up with sickness at home and if he finds it interesting to hear about his old comrades, the Editors want to make him a gift of a free subscription until such time as he is back on his feet.

Or if any other reader knows of a man so situated, please send in his name and address and his name will be placed on the list.

Y. D. POST 290, A. L.

Time—2.30 P.M. Saturday, September 12.
Place—Commonwealth Avenue at Dartmouth.
Event—Parade of Massachusetts Department American Legion.

Report of Adj. Snyder to Suffolk County Marshal: "Sir, YD Post No. 290 reports with one float and 65 men in uniform."

Yes, sir, the YD Post was certainly there with bells on at the parade. Those new uniforms surely looked snappy,—a light blue smock with black YD on left breast, a dark blue velveteen tam or Alpine chausseur's hat, a black Windsor tie, and, oh boy, a blue cane!

The marchers were followed by a five-ton Mack truck kindly donated by the Mack Truck Company. This truck was dressed up to represent a cross section of a trench. It showed a parados and a parapet on which was mounted a machine gun in action. The boys fired 2,000 rounds of ammunition during the parade. In front of the machine gun was a barbed wire entanglement on which was hung a Boche helmet and gas mask.

It surely was some work constructing the float. The material was loaned by the YD Club of Quincy, through the courtesy of Comrade GEORGE WHITE, who also gave us permission to use the Quincy armory for erecting same. The night before the parade a group of members of the Post went to Quincy for the purpose of getting the float in readiness for the parade.

After the parade the boys marched in a body back to the Club where refreshments were served and a good time was had by all.

The Malden Post, American Legion, gave us a good write-up in their monthly paper, the *Whiz Bang*, saying that we made the best showing of any Post in the parade.

Copies of a group picture of the Post taken before the parade are on sale at the Club.

The Post membership is now well over a hundred and the permanent charter has been received. All indications point to a prosperous year. The entertainment committee is arranging for a Costume Party to be held in the Club hall on Armistice evening, Tuesday, November 10.

The next objective of the Post is a large silver cup given by the State Department, American Legion, to the Post having the largest percentage of gain in membership during the year. The old YD always gained their objective. The cup will be in the Club next year! Just a reminder—any YD man who is not a member of the Legion—send your name and address with $3.00 to the Post Adjutant, "Bill" SNYDER, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston.

There has been much discussion as to whether "Henry" or "Lizzie" is the proper name for a Ford car, but the question of sex seems to have been definitely settled by *The Rural New Yorker*, in which an advertisement for a farmhand appears: "Must know how to milk and run a Ford car."

CONGRATULATIONS

A son, Arthur Eugene, was born to Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR J. FLINT on March 4, 1925. Notice the initials—A. E. F.? A cousin has the initials W. A. R. Flint was with B Company, 101st Ammunition Train, and is now living at 229 34th St., Woodcliff-on-Hudson, N. J.

On Monday, August 31, ELWIN W. WILSON and Miss Dorothy Wight Clarke were married in Lewiston, Me. They will reside in Princeton, N. J., at 260 Nassau Street.

PHOENIX REPORTS

Just a bit of news of the boys in this sector and then *Adios, Senor.*

BOB FLEMING, of C Genies, is in the pink of health. He was one of the lucky ones of this community this summer and managed to get over on the coast for a month or so during the extreme torrid spell that we had.

OLLIE PARSONS, of Artillery fame, is still holding down his window in the Phoenix National Bank. He too managed to get to the coast, but not during the hot spell.

While old Satan was demonstrating what an artilleryman may expect in the hereafter, friend ALDEN was right here with the rest of the poor folks hitting the showers two or three times in every twenty-four hours. Ollie was recently chosen as manager of the Phoenix baseball team.

ROY SYLVESTER (101st Sig. Bn.) is pounding a telegraph key in the Santa Fe Railway office here. Have not seen Roy since I returned, but will have that pleasure in another month when he has to walk up to my window and kick in with his taxes.

BOB HOAR (101st Field),—well, to tell you the truth, the last I heard from Bob was just prior to his leaving for a visit to Boston. However, he must be back on his ranch over at Scottsdale by this time as they are beginning to pick cotton and he couldn't be away while that was going on. He looked fine before he started east. Probably you saw him while he was there.

ERNEST MACLAUGHLIN, B Company Genies, is running an office of his own up in Prescott, Arizona. He is a purveyor of real estate and insurance. Some of the V. F. W. boys saw him while they were up in the Mile High City to the State Convention, and they said he was in fine fettle.

J. H. B. CROAFF (104th Inf.), now major of the 1st Battalion 158th Infantry, continues to put on weight and to all outward signs is prospering. Don't see the Hon. Jerry as much as I did prior to my trip east.

"MISTER" BRANSCOMB, outfit unknown, is back at his deputy assessor's berth doing his eight hours daily. So much for him.

Almost forgot "JAKEY" NORTHUP. Rufe is still in Warren, Arizona. Saw him at the beginning of summer and he was batting for a thousand. Write him and tell the gang to write him. A soldier's farewell to AL DAY for me.

—G. L. B.

Phoenix, Arizona.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ANTICS OF A

BOB CARROLL is now assistant superintendent of the John Hancock Life Insurance Co., with offices at Charlestown. He reports his health, etc., as O. K. and also vouches for his old running mate, CARL GORE. Says Carl is "daddy" to a boy and a girl now, the latter being the latest addition to the family.

MARTY JOYCE reports to us at last. He is located at 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

CHARLIE WADDELL is now located with Dowling, Swain & Shea, 75 State Street, Boston.

Hear lots of mighty pleasing comments on our old buddy, "Perk" PERKINS. His cartoons, now appearing in the DOINGS each month, are the "cats'."

The committee on publication of A Company history still welcomes any sort of information you can forward to them.

ROGER HUBBELL, located at 170 Summer Street, is in the wool game (and all wool men are bootleggers, we hear).

—J. M. M.

BUZZINGS OF B

Harvard is the gainer this year for we hear that JOHN PERRY is studying there with the hopes of getting his master's degree.

One of our old skippers, H. C. THOMAS, was in town this month. He is assistant to the general manager of the merchandising department of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. at Mansfield, Ohio. That is a longer title than when he was adjutant, and probably just as helpful. He wants all you fellows to know that he thinks of us often and wishes he were more handy. He was asking for two or three of you "birds," but rather than show any partiality I'll mention no names. Mostly "dog robbers" anyway.

We expected to see more of HOWARD FRYE, now that he is located down here, but at the last Club meeting he blew in late and blew out early. Stick around "Sarge," some of the buck privates would like to talk to you.

The writer of this column (and there is no need of the *nom de guerre* under which he writes) wishes to know: What is your pleasure on another B Company party?

—THE DRONE.

CAPERS OF C

The first man at bat this month is SID WHITAKER who reports thusly, "Born July 29, 1925, a son named Fred Maynard Whitaker, with an appetite the same as the old man." You see Sid did his full duty,—he not only saw to it that Fred Maynard got a good start in life, but when the young man came along he was sufficiently on the job to let us know the glad tidings. Double congratulations.

Our old friend, EARL KENT, has appeared on the scene. He is living in New York City and is doing well.

ARTHUR WALDRON has just returned from three months abroad, reporting that London is a wonderful place to visit and far ahead of Southampton.

STANLEY MUNSEY is to open a drug store in Kittery, Maine, October 1. May he thrive and prosper.

Several of the boys have signed up with the YD Legion Post.

There have been many inquiries as to whether or not we have a meeting this Fall. If you want one, let the committee know. If you want to be represented in this column each month, you (and that means YOU) have got to send in news items about yourself and about the men you run into.

—C. W. H.

FANCIES OF F

This from GEORGE BRANSCOMB: "Being in a more sober state than when last you heard from, or rather saw me, I am in a better state mentally. Ye gods! but I was sure low that night up to the Smoker! What a damn fool a sick man is to try and keep up his end in a barley-corn wrastle with a lot of jaspers like A. W. O. L. TAYLOR, SKINNY MCQUADE, GEORGE MACPHERSON and the like! Believe it or not, that's the last drink of likker that I have taken, and that party was near the finish of Yours Truly. Since that eventful date Little Nemo has been high up on the seat of old John Water Wagon. Pretty nearly a year. Tell RALPH TAYLOR that even the strong affection that I hold for him and his Scotch friend, MACPHERSON, can't lower my exalted position. Like Poe's raven, I am now squawking, 'never more.' "

We're off for the great open spaces where men are men. The fourth annual pilgrimage to Bridgton, Fryeburg, Brownfield and way stations in the grand old State of Maine, is about to get under way. There should be a good batch of news about the boys down there in next month's DOINGS.

—P. N. S.

YD AUXILIARY

The regular meeting was held Wednesday, September 16, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Francis presiding.

On September 23, the sewing meeting was held. A large number of bedside bags were completed under the supervision of Mrs. James Nicoll.

Plans are progressing favorably for the Bazaar to be held in November. Please note that the date has been changed from the 14th to the 21st. Mrs. Alice Snape is general chairman.

The hospital committee makes regular visits and give much cheer and substantial aid in needy cases to some of the families of YD men.

Do not forget the Whist Party to be held on Friday, October 30.

—(Mrs.) A. S.

"Hello. Is this the YD Club? Is my husband there? Hello. Not there, you say? Well, all right then, but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told you my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here never," was Bill's reply.

A. P. O. 709

WILLIAM SMITH (Batt. E, 102d F. A.) is now assistant buyer for the S. S. Pierce Company. "Bill" is married and has a daughter who is now three years old.

ERNEST L. BUCKLEY (101st Supply Train) writes from Providence, R. I., with instructions to put him on the old YD band wagon, and assures us that this Fall he will conduct a mopping-up campaign and enroll some of the boys down there. Don't let us stop you!

Information wanted as to the whereabouts of former members and Captain NARVIS of Company B, 101st Infantry.

Colonel G. M. KING (Div. Hdqrs.) is spending a few weeks in Florida.

JOE DEVANEY (101st F. A.) has very kindly sent the following news gathered while he was on a trip to the Pacific Coast this summer:

"ED" MARTIN is teaching in Redlands (Calif.) High School when he isn't playing golf.

EDDIE HAFER is in the real estate business in Los Angeles. A typical native son of California is Eddie, for he is raising his boys to be farmers.

In Los Angeles also is "JIM" COOK who is holding forth in the main office of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. "Jim" is the proud daddy of a baby girl born on the 17th of June.

"PAT" LYNCH is married and lives in Hollywood, but for a living he is selling Dodge cars in Los Angeles.

"ALKIE" JOHNSON is part owner of a clothing business in Phoenix, Arizona. He is married and has a little girl four years old.

"BOB" BURNS is with the Coast Envelope Co., San Francisco, but he lives in Berkeley. In the big Berkeley fire some two years ago, "Bob" lost about everything but his shirt. Possibly the cooties had too good a grip on that!

"NICK" APPOLLONIO is in the advertising department of the Kansas City (Mo.) *Star*, and he hopes that his friends will look him up.

Another buddy who is working in Los Angeles is WALTER BRENNAN who is with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

TAPS

JOHN MULCAHY, formerly of Battery B, 102d Field Artillery, who was shot while on duty as a prohibition agent Tuesday, September 1, was buried on Sunday, the 13th, from his home in Worcester.

GEORGE E. WILSON, formerly of Company B, 101st Infantry, died suddenly on September 4, in Washington, D. C. The funeral was held at 50 Brook St., Jamaica Plain, the home of his brother Frederick.

WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN LEFT TOWN

(Advertisement in the Seattle Times)

MALE HELP WANTED

Young girl wants neat and congenial roommate. Call between 2 and 5 Sunday at 4740 University Way.

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